

THE LINK



February 1956

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STAFF

EDITOR: Joe Dana; **EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:** Muriel Steffy Lipp; **EDITORIAL SECRETARY:** Kay Powell; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Isabel R. Senar. **PUBLISHER:** Marion J. Creeger

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● Left of center is the main stadium, Melbourne Cricket Ground. Additional stands will raise the normal capacity of 90,000 spectators to 110,000 for the Games. On the right is the Olympic Park area, site of three new sports arenas.

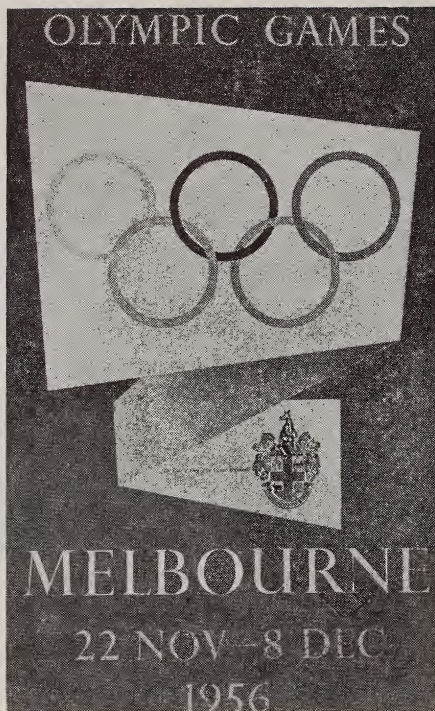
Australia

ENTERTAINS THE 1956 OLYMPICS

SWIFTER, HIGHER, STRONGER" (*Citius, Altius, Fortius*) is the Olympian motto whose high aims will be tested by thousands of athletes from more than forty-three nations at the Melbourne Olympics—November 22 to December 8, 1956.

In 1947, leading citizens of Melbourne approached the International Olympic Committee with an invitation to hold the 1956 Games in their

city. The invitation was supported by guarantees from the Prime Minister of Australia, the Premier of the State of Victoria (of which Melbourne is the capital city), and the City Council of Melbourne. The IOC assented, Melbourne was selected for the Games, and the stage was again set for the great international sports festival of ancient and modern times. The symbolic flame kindled in Olym-



● Official poster of XVIth Olympiad.

pia, Greece, was for the first time to be carried into the Southern Hemisphere.

The resources, technical skill, and enthusiasm of Australia are wholeheartedly behind the preparations for the Olympic Games. The country has always been a strong supporter of the Olympic movement, never missing participation in an Olympiad since the Games were revived in 1896.

At these inaugural games, held in Athens, H. W. Flack of Melbourne won the 800-meter and 1500-meter finals. Among many high scores tallied by Australian athletes since then, there have been twenty first places including six at the 1952 Helsinki Games.

Melbourne is a modern, well-

planned city of 1,500,000 people. It is the capital of the State of Victoria. As a busy seaport and industrial metropolis, it is an important financial and trading center in the life of the Australian nation. A network of fast electric railways, streetcars, and buses serve the whole metropolis.

Melbourne is in a temperate region. It will be summer there, with usually fine, mild weather, when the Games take place—just right for the yachting and rowing events.

These sports will be held on Lake Learmonth, a 1400-acre body of fresh water near the provincial city of Ballarat, seventy-seven miles west of Melbourne. Rowing and canoeing courses will be laid out on the lake, marked with large numbers strung between tall poles.

During the events, crews will be quartered at Wendouree Hostel, thirteen miles from Lake Learmonth. They will be transported by special buses to and from the lake.

The yachting events, which will attract a great many Australians who are ardent yachtsmen, will take place on Port Phillip Bay. This almost landlocked 720-square-mile expanse of sea on Melbourne's shores is virtually free from reefs, tidal streams, and currents. Winds are favorable for sailing, with southerlies predominating, and conditions generally ensure that yachtsmen will meet in fair and equal competition.

As host to visitors from all over the world, Melbourne will welcome its Olympic guests with real Australian hospitality. In addition to sixteen exciting, sport-filled days and nights, special events are being arranged to coincide with the Games. One of these is the Olympic Arts Festival of Drama, Music, Ballet, and the Fine

Arts. Convenient tours will be arranged to enable visitors to see more of Australia and her way of life.

Melbourne will also make special arrangements to accommodate its visitors. All hotel rooms are being reserved for overseas visitors. Also the accommodation committee has asked Melbourne citizens to make their homes available for 30,000 visitors at fixed "bed and breakfast" rates. All of these accommodations will be officially inspected before listing. With homes being offered at the rate of one hundred a day, there will be adequate first-class accommodations for all visitors.

An \$8,400,000 construction program is under way in Melbourne expanding the present facilities for athletic and other events. The Australian Government is contributing half the cost of this work. The other half is being shared equally by the Victorian State Government and the Melbourne City Council. The program is moving ahead at high speed and most of the building projects are well in advance of schedule.

The Main Stadium, located at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, will be the scene of the ceremonial opening and closing of the Games. The circular turf arena is one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. Normally able to accommodate 90,000 spectators, one of the grandstands of the stadium is being rebuilt as a new triple-deck steel and concrete stand, increasing stadium capacity to 110,000.

Located close to the Main Stadium, Olympic Park, formerly used for amateur sports, is being completely altered to make facilities for the special Olympic events of hockey, soccer, cycling, swimming, and diving.

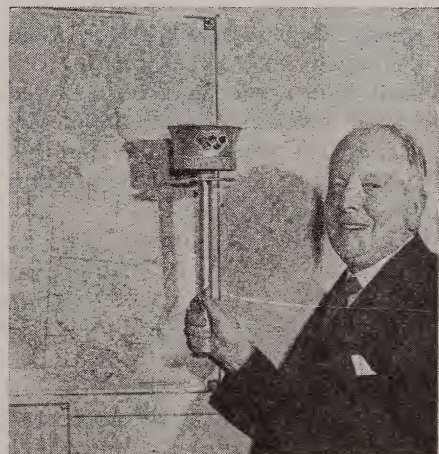
This area will also be available to the athletes for early training.

The swimming and diving stadium, situated at the western end of the Park, is being designed to accommodate 5,500 spectators. Adjacent to the pool is a soccer field with room for 36,000 spectators. Covered stands are being erected for 3,000 people and work has been done on terracing the surrounding banks to provide additional seating accommodations for 30,000 people.

The nearby cycling velodrome has accommodations for 10,000 people, and a covered stand for 4,500 people is being erected. The three new sports arenas and the modern swimming stadium at the Olympic Park area will accommodate 80,000 spectators at one time.

A new international Olympic Village is being built in the suburbs of Heidelberg, seven miles from the Main Stadium. Eight hundred homes

● *E. J. Holt, Technical Director of the Melbourne Olympic Organizing Committee, holds the torch which will carry the flame, kindled in Olympia, Greece, from Cairns to Melbourne. Chemical tablets will keep the flame alive on the 2750 miles to be covered by relays of runners.*



are to be constructed to house up to 6,000 athletes and officials during the Games. There will be no national barriers preventing free mixing in Melbourne's \$4,460,000 Olympic Village, but for the comfort and convenience of the athletes each nation will have its own section of houses.

Every house in the Village will have modern plumbing facilities, including special steam baths whenever required. Services in the Village will include shopping, medical and dental centers, laundries, barber shops, banks, and a post office. There will be dining rooms and restaurants preparing special menus of the quality and type that the athletes are accustomed to in their homelands, so that their conditioning will not be upset by unfamiliar diets. Three fields for pre-competition training will be provided within the Village area. Specially scheduled bus services will transport competitors and officials between the Olympic Village and the various sports areas.

More than 250 interpreters, speaking over forty languages, including three Chinese dialects and several Arabic tongues, will operate at the Olympic Village and all other areas of competition. As many as ten different interpreters may be required to assist officials in some of the big contests. However, only English, French, and Spanish will be used for official announcements.

Excitement is running high in Melbourne and all of Australia, in anticipation of the great Olympiad, which will carry on a tradition dating far back before the birth of Christ. The ancient Olympics started in 776 B.C., and were held every four years for more than eleven centuries.

The Games were held in the Valley of Olympia in southwestern Greece. They were considered with such reverence that the Greeks withdrew their armies from the field of battle and peace reigned throughout the land during the sport festival. Many of the events presented during the Games, held in honor of Zeus, have been retained. Outstanding exceptions are chariot racing and the Pankration. The latter held the most coveted title of all. It was a combination of boxing and wrestling with kicking and strangling permitted—a fight to the finish decided by death or surrender.

In A.D. 394, the Games were abolished by the Roman emperor, Theodosius the First. They were revived as the modern Olympiad by a French educator and visionary, Baron Pierre de Coubertin. He believed that the Games could be a powerful instrument for creating international understanding and friendship. In 1894 he called for an international meeting in Paris of the world's athletic authorities to discuss the reopening of the Olympic Games. The delegates voted unanimously for a revival of the Olympics, and Athens was the place chosen for the first event of the modern era, held in 1896.

At the 1894 Paris meeting an International Olympic Committee was appointed consisting of Baron de Coubertin, and representatives of Argentina, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, Hungary, Italy, New Zealand, Russia, Sweden, the United Kingdom, and the United States. Today eighty-three nations are affiliated with the Committee, which is responsible for the complete control of the conduct of the Games.

. . . Continued on page 47



● *Reproduction of log hut used by Continental soldiers (1777-78) at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.*

This Place **OF** **SACRIFICE**

by
Florence Kerigan

THERE STAND Valley Forge and Pennsylvania," said Governor Brumbaugh in his address of acceptance of the Washington Memorial Arch, June 19, 1917. "There stand the hopes, the aspirations, the glories of human kind."

Inside that arch is the inscription: "And here, in this place of sacrifice,

in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of death out of which the life of America rose rejuvenate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that to them America will seem as clear and liberty as sweet, and progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and me, and that this institu-



tion which made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the benevolent generations of the time to come.”—Henry Armitt Brown.

The Continental Army came to Valley Forge in December, a beaten army. Fresh in their minds were defeats at Brandywine in September, and at Germantown in October. Only remnants of Anthony Wayne’s detachment had escaped Paoli.

Washington was faced with a difficult decision. He could winter in Reading or Lancaster, and billet his men in comparative comfort. But if he did, he would leave the surrounding country to the propagandizing influence of Lord Howe. His withdrawal would be considered a retreat.

General Wayne, remembering Valley Forge from his boyhood, suggested it as a strong position from

which the army could repel attack. It was also nearer York where the first Continental Congress was sitting, and nearer Allentown to which the Liberty Bell and the bells of Old Christ Church had been taken. We know that he chose the second, more heroic course, and was censured by Congress for it. To that criticism he replied, “It is a much easier thing to draw remonstrance in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to occupy a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothes, or blankets.”

The day before the site was occupied, Washington asked the regimental officers to divide their men into groups of twelve, with each group responsible for making a hut. Thomas Paine wrote to Benjamin Franklin, “They appeared to me like a family of beavers. Everyone busy, some carrying logs, others mud, and

the rest plastering them together. The whole was raised in a few days, and it is a curious collection of buildings in true rustic order." A hospital hut was also erected and equipped with a rough board table and double-deck bunks.

The hospital had plenty of patients, too. In Washington's letter to Congress, dated December 23, he said, "Since the 4th inst. our members fit for duty from hardships and exposure have decreased nearly 2,000 men."

Men died of disease and exposure. Some collapsed at drill, dying where they fell. Individual burial was out of the question and they were rolled into trenches and covered over. The only marked grave is now in the museum in the carriage house by Washington's Headquarters. The site is marked by an obelisk erected to the memory of all the men who were buried there.

They had very little food in camp. The surrounding farmers refused to sell their produce for the worthless paper money used by the Army.

As the men sat around the rough puncheon tables, a single cup would go the rounds of several men. Several would share the same wooden or pewter dish. The bread was made in a bake oven, a dirt mound six feet by ten, hollowed out and lined with stones. These were intensely heated, and then the bread was baked in it after the embers had been raked out.

Even under those conditions the American quality of humor was not dead. It is told that a raiding party under Colonel McLane shot a British horse. The animal was butchered on the spot, and a man was sent into Philadelphia dressed

as a farmer to sell the meat as beef to the British. It tickled the fancy of the men to know that they had tricked the British into paying good money for their own horse.

Washington fully intended to spend his winter in the tent which he carried with him in its leather case. However, he was prevailed upon to rent the farmhouse of Isaac Potts near where Valley Creek runs into the Schuylkill River. After he had made sure its tenant, a widow, was comfortably settled elsewhere, he accepted it, and the rent for it was scrupulously paid.

It is a stone house of two stories and an attic. One enters the front door into a hall, to the right of which is the reception room with Washington's office back of it. It was there that his famous portrait was painted by Peale, who was a captain in the Army.

To the left, down a few steps, is the big kitchen with its great fireplace taking up almost the whole of one wall. To the left of the fireplace is the door leading into the buttery and from there to the passage leading to the river.

At the back end of the entrance hall, by the back door, a stairway leads upward to a landing, then turns in both directions. To the left is a room over the kitchen which was a guest room for visiting dignitaries. From here a narrow, twisting stairway goes down to the kitchen. To the right was the General's bedroom at the top of the steps. In front of Washington's room is the one used by Martha Washington. She came on February 21 by coach from Mount Vernon and stayed until the evacuation.

Over the entrance hall is another



small room used as a guest room and also as a sewing room. In those two rooms Martha gathered the officers' wives and neighboring farm women to sew, knit, and mend garments for the soldiers.

Now in the nearby carriage house and stables there is a museum in which relics of the occupation which have been found on the grounds are on display. Also a collection of portraits of Washington is there along with other articles of interest given or loaned by their owners.

About a mile from the headquarters, past the small stone house where General Varnum had his headquarters, and past the "star redoubt" overlooking the site of Sullivan's pontoon bridge on the Schuylkill, by which the Army evacuated the camp in June, we come to the Washington Memorial Chapel. This is a popular stopping place for visitors, although it is not within the park grounds.

It includes the chapel itself with its symbolism and historical study

of the rise and growth of the nation. It has thirteen marvelous windows of blue and red jewel glass. There is also the Museum of National History in which Washington's tent is one of the exhibits. Above it rises a carillon tower with a carillon said to be the most perfect set of bells in the world.

From the front steps of the chapel one can look over the parade ground to the Memorial Arch in the background. The obelisk to the unknown dead stands in the nearer foreground. It was on the "parade ground" that the men were drawn up on May 7, 1778, to receive the joyous news that France had ratified a treaty of alliance with the Continental Army. Then salutes were fired—three times three discharges of thirteen cannon. At the first salute the Army shouted, "Long live the King of France!" at the second, "Long live the friendly European Powers!" and at the third, the mighty shout aroused the echoes: "The American States!"

THE DAY on which Private Jeremiah Huxton was to give General George Washington a birthday present was not one which Jeremiah began with pleasurable anticipation. There was no pleasure for a Continental soldier at Valley Forge that winter of '77 and '78.

Jeremiah had shivered himself out of his cocoon of straw and blanket, splashed his face with chilling water from the hut's bucket, and eaten breakfast. His meal was a stony heel of bread smeared with the scrapings of yesterday's thin bacon ration. Then, after rearranging the wrappings around his feet, he had pulled his blanket around himself and his musket, and stepped out from behind the oak slab door to meet the dreary morning.

He sniffed. The smoke that lazed up from the ragged cluster of huts had stained the air with its raw odor. But there was something else in the wind, something he could not identify.

He stood still a moment, his tall young form shivering, then broke into an awkward trot across the parade ground to where the guard was being formed. All he was concerned about then was making the formation. He didn't even know that it was George Washington's birthday.

"Huxton!"

"Here!" Jeremiah barked the word back at the sergeant, whose name was Osborne and who had not been greatly blessed with brains by his Creator.

Osborne peered at him through the sifting snow. "You take the bridge over the crick. Git!"

Jeremiah managed to shoulder his musket outside the blanket. He

The General's Birthday Present



Robert A. Elfers

turned on his heel and marched off. He could act like a soldier, even if the doltish Osborne couldn't.

The man he was to relieve was standing hunch-shouldered in the shelter of the covered bridge. He looked sick enough to have died if he'd as much as seen a Britisher. His eyes glittered with fever. Jeremiah watched him stumble down the road. Another for the hospital, he thought. The word was that almost a third of the 11,000 Continentals at the winter camp had died or were close to death.

Jeremiah squared his shoulders. If a man died, he died and was in his Maker's care. If he lived, it was right and good that he stand up for freedom and fight—or freeze—for it. Jeremiah's jaw jutted a little farther

beyond the blanket's fringe. He was a stubborn young man.

The two hours passed slowly. He grounded his musket, shifted from one foot to the other, tried to keep alert. For all his determination to be a good soldier, he found standing guard a tedious chore.

Occasionally, he sniffed, savoring the air, wondering what there was in it that tantalized him. And then, as the snow ceased and the sun appeared, he understood. There was a hint—the slightest hint—that spring had reached a tendril of warm air up the Schuylkill, promising winter's end among the river's hills. He inhaled deeply, wanting to drive from his lungs all the smoke and foul air and death smells that he had breathed during the endless winter days in the huts.

At that moment, a horse's hoofs pounded within the dark hollow of the covered bridge.

Jeremiah dropped the blanket and hooked a stiff thumb over the hammer of his musket to cock it.

"Halt! Who goes!"

Squinting into the dimness, he could barely make out a horse and rider. The beast was coming at him steadily, hoofs thudding on the planking.

Jeremiah raised the musket to his shoulder and moved his face away just enough to shout: "Stop or I'll fire!"

"Jeremiah?" A girl's voice called. "Is that you, Jeremiah? Put down that musket."

As he stood there gaping, his weapon pointed foolishly into Valley Creek, Susan Dwight came out from the shadow of the bridge and halted the big farm horse in front of him.

She looked down, her brown eyes teasing and happy and worried all at the same time. She said, "Is this any way to greet your betrothed?"

He stared at her, trying to make sense out of her being at Valley Forge, sitting across the broad back of a plow horse, wearing her father's great coat, and carrying some sort of a bundle or basket in one mittened hand.

"What are—what are—what are you doing here?" he stuttered.

"Is that all you can say?" Her eyebrows raised in accompaniment to the question. "Here I have traveled all the way from home to bring you a birthday pudding and you point a musket at me."

Jeremiah, remembering finally that he was a soldier in Wayne's First Pennsylvania, looked at her sternly.

"Susan, this a military encampment. Do you have a pass? Do you know you may be arrested? Men have been taken as spies for doing less." His eyes strayed to the pudding. "My birthday isn't for two weeks yet."

She ignored his scolding. "Oh, Jeremiah, why did you stay away? We are only five miles from here. You could have come to visit me." Her eyes took in his ragged form tenderly. "You don't look at all well."

He squared his shoulders with a jerk. "I'm as able as any man here." A gleam came into his eyes. "Just let some of those lobsterbacks outgrowing their breeches in Philadelphia come this way and we'll see who's well."

Before he could suggest that it would be better for her not to, Susan dismounted. "Are you still angry with me?" she asked, soft contrition in her voice. She came a step

closer to him. "I'm sorry I acted so when I saw you last. I'd been so lonesome for you and I—I guess I didn't realize what the war was all about." She smiled tremulously.

For all the rags and tags that swathed him thinly from toe to top, Jeremiah felt distinctly warmer. She was such an unpredictable, unpretending, pretty lass, this girl that, God willing, would someday be his wife.

"You were lucky to find me," he said. "I might have been any place else but here on sentry duty. But I'm glad . . ."

His eyes, taking in the shape of her face, caught a movement behind her. To Susan, who saw nothing, it was as if someone had thrown a bucket of water over him and he'd frozen. Then she heard a rough voice.

"What's this?" Sergeant Osborne's suspicious look went from one to the other. Behind him, a lanky stubble-chinned soldier, Jeremiah's relief at sentry duty, stared at Susan.

Jeremiah cleared his throat. "This young lady is from a farm down the road. She's friendly. She's no Tory." His eyes flicked to Susan and back desperately to Osborne. "I know her."

The sergeant pointed a thick finger at the bundle. "What's that?"

"Ah—ah—ah—" Jeremiah wanted to explain it in a military manner.

"It's a birthday present. Pudding," Susan said brightly.

There came to Jeremiah's mind a clear picture of the simple stone building where courts-martial were held. He wondered if military law listed a mandatory punishment for a soldier who allowed a non-belligerent to bring birthday presents to him

"A birthday present!" Osborne exclaimed. He looked at the package and stroked his chin. And then his face turned up and split into a gap-toothed grin. "A birthday present! For the general! Oho! I understand. Sergeant Tom Osborne isn't a man of rank for nothing. A present!"

He turned to Jeremiah. "Huxton, conduct this fine young lady to General Washington's headquarters. She has a present for him from the patriots of the countryside."

For a full fifteen seconds, Jeremiah looked at Osborne. Then he rapped out a "Yes, sergeant," and turned to Susan.

"This isn't—" she started to protest, but Jeremiah took her elbow and said, "If you'll mount, miss." He gave her such a look that she obeyed.

When they had plodded up the road a hundred yards, Susan said, "Jeremiah, what are we going to do?"

He marched by her horse's head, not seeming to hear her, so she repeated the question.

Without looking at her, he said, "We are going to give General Washington a birthday present from the patriots of the countryside."

"My pudding?" She gave the bundle an indignant shake. "We are not. This is for you. I'll wager that General Washington hasn't starved like you have this winter."

"Generals aren't supposed to starve. How do you think they can plan campaigns without having enough to eat?"

Across the open field along the road, a company of scarecrow figures were training with a battery of cannon. Susan pointed at them and said angrily, "He ought to think a little more about feeding and clothing his army!"

Jeremiah hauled back on the horse's head, turned, and shook a finger at her. "Susan Dwight, don't you say a thing like that! The general is a great man. It's Congress, safe and warm and twiddling its thumb at York that's to blame. Them and the politicians who try to run the commissary. You should be ashamed! This is a pretty fix you've got us into! And now you defame General Washington!"

He wheeled around, pulled his blanket tighter around his shoulders, and tugged on the horse as if he were going to drag it and Susan to headquarters.

The building was a small, gray stone, two-story house. A tall guard paced in front of the gate. Susan listened fearfully as Jeremiah spoke to him and watched while an officer came out of the house. The three men spoke together for a moment. Then Jeremiah came over to help her down.

His blue eyes looked at her authoritatively. "Now you give him the pudding when the time comes," he ordered in a low voice.

They went into a small room most of which seemed to be taken up with a wide fireplace. A table piled with papers, inkpots, and quills, two benches, and a chair were all the furniture. Some men who were writing at the table looked up at them. Jeremiah swallowed. One of the men was General Wayne, his commander.

Another officer, a stranger to Jeremiah, nodded to them and went out of the room. They waited uncomfortably, listening to a quill scratch across paper as one of the officers wrote something. Jeremiah looked warningly at Susan, and she gave him a glance that horrified him.

There were tears in her eyes. He stood at attention, ready to take what came.

A large man entered the room with long strides and bowed in front of Susan.

"Mistress Dwight? I am at your service."

That was all that was necessary. Susan burst into tears. Her boo-hooing filled the room. Jeremiah wondered if he would be shot if he turned and ran. The officers at the table were open-mouthed. The tall Virginian who was officer of the guard put his hand on his sword hilt and eyed Jeremiah. There was a thud as the pudding fell to the floor.

General Washington motioned for the chair and urged Susan to be seated. Another chair appeared immediately and the general sat down next to her. From within his coat he produced a snowy white kerchief. Susan took it readily, dabbed at her eyes, and blew her nose.

"I'm sorry," she said, and managed a timid smile.

"It is I who am sorry," General Washington responded politely.

"I must tell you outright, General," Susan looked at him squarely, "this pudding isn't for your birthday. Although," she added hastily, "I do wish you many happy returns. You see, this pudding is for my betrothed, Jeremiah Huxton." She nodded at Jeremiah. Nothing could have pained him more.

General Washington turned and looked at him. "You may stand at ease."

"Jeremiah has been away from us a long time. I saw him once just after the army came from Whitmarsh, but he hasn't been to see me this whole winter since. We live just five

miles away. I just couldn't wait to see him any longer, so I made the pudding, and here I am. A man down the road thought it was for you." Susan hesitated, out of breath, then added for emphasis, "He was wrong."

The general turned and looked at Jeremiah again. This time his eyes stayed on him, and there was a new interest in them.

"You are a private?" he asked.

Jeremiah found his voice. "Yes, Sir. First Pennsylvania, Sir."

"Have you been sick this winter?"

"Some fever and dysentery, Sir."

"Your rations have been scarce."

There was no question in the general's voice.

"Yes, Sir."

"Why didn't you visit this young lady's family? They would have fed you and cared for you gladly."

Jeremiah was surprised. "Sir, I wasn't that sick or hungry. My duty is here." His eyes strayed to Susan. "Some people do not seem to understand, Sir."

The general regarded him steadily.

"No, some do not. Some do not care to understand." And then the stern, sober face lighted with a slow smile. "But those who know make all the difference."

General Washington stood up, towering in the room. The other men came to attention. He picked up the basket with the pudding and handed it to Susan.

"I think you should give this to the man for whom you intended it."

"Oh! Thank you!" And then Susan said sympathetically, "I'm sorry that I don't have another—for your birthday."

General Washington bowed. "Please do not be. I do not feel neglected. Indeed, I have received a gift, if not from you, at least from your young man."

That's how it happened that Jeremiah gave General Washington a birthday present. He never tired of telling the story, because he was always reminded of it when Susan made him a birthday pudding, and she made him many more.

BUKIL CALL

by Richard Armour

NEWS ITEM: When the Bukils, tribesmen in the Philippines, sharpen their teeth, it means one of two things: war or marriage.

*Which way, my good friend,
Are you currently heading?
Are you off to a battle
Or off to a wedding?*

*Your courage and strength
We would never disparage.
We only would ask,
Is it war? Is it marriage?*

*You've trained and you've tested,
You've had you a breather,
And now, with teeth sharpened,
You're ready for either.*



Love with a Laugh

Lloyd Derrickson

ON February 14, St. Valentine's Day, about 300,000,000 valentines, costing approximately \$25,-000,000 will be delivered to homes in this country. Some will be funny, some will be rude, but most will express love and sentimentality.

None, however, will be more poignant than the very first valentine ever sent. Just a handwritten note, it was sent by a young Roman priest who was beheaded February 14, A.D. 270, for refusing to re-

nounce Christianity. Shortly before his execution the cleric wrote a farewell to his jailer's blind daughter, expressing his appreciation to her for having brought food and delivered messages for him. He signed the note, "From your valentine."

Valentine's words must have been laden with magic, because the custom of sending valentines has persisted ever since. However, it wasn't until 1840 that America began the assembly-line production of valen-

tines. In that year, Esther Howland, an imaginative student, conceived the idea for mass production. By 1858 the "slam valentines" were being designed to ridicule the frailties of people. During the "Elegant Eighties" and the "Gay Nineties" these crude-pictured, bitter-versed missives were all the rage.

Today, the vinegar valentine is almost non-existent. A few are still on sale, but greeting card publishers say they are definitely poor sellers. They have been replaced by the modern, slangy, none-too-subtle pun: "Goodness NOSE, you're very SWEET," written under a drawing of a peach with a cherry for a nose; or, "I must confess you're quite a WOLFE!" written under a drawing of a wolf all decked out in modern clothes.

Today, love with a laugh has replaced hisses. "Mobile missives"—giving some movement or action to the message—are high in favor with the American public.

Also, there is a trend toward valentines that swing back to the old-fashioned, sentimental type of delicate, lavender-and-old-lace valentine so popular during the 1900-1910 period. Publishers say the public's increasing longing for the formal and unhurried customs of the early Victorian days has swung the style of valentines to cut-out hearts, paper fountains, flower reproductions, and romantic scenes set in a fancy framework of old lace and lavender.

Cupid, too, is back, aided and abetted by the florists and candy-makers. The trend is toward the creation of valentine novelties such as the heart-shaped box of candy, the heart-shaped bonnet trimmed with

red ribbon and bunches of violets, as well as the popular nosegay of posies held together by gilded ribbon on which are inscribed pledges of undying affection.

Also highly favored is the valentine bearing a single red rose surrounded by hearts and flowers, superimposed on a background of pure white lace. On this lace the female sender imprints a kiss from lips that have been heavily daubed with bright red lipstick.

The practice of sending Valentines has been virtually discontinued in most other countries. Popular in England at one time, paper scarcity and economic pressure has caused the custom to wane. Only in America has this pretty custom endured.

This month, when you receive that big, red heart with the charming "I LOVE YOU" on it, count yourself lucky, and treasure it. It is a sign that you are fortunate enough to belong to a country where love, sentimentality, and gracious charm still exist.

THE SURPRISE

I dreamt I saw you yesternight,
And claspt my hands about your
eyes,

Nor dared to venture in your sight
Until you pardoned the surprise.

So take my letter, Valentine,
My name and mission quickly
guess—

I fear to offer word or sign;
I wait until you whisper "Yes!"

—HEINRICH HEINE

● Grouped in the diamond formation for which they are famous are the Thunderbirds, the official Air Demonstration Team of the U.S. Air Force. In front is Lt. Col. Richard C. Catledge, team leader. Behind him, left to right, are Captains Wilbur L. Creech, Robert S. McCormick and John R. Spalding. Standing in the rear is 1st Lt. L. J. Hoyle.



The Thunderbirds

Pride of the Air Force

FRANK THISTLE

THEY say that seeing is believing, but after seeing such fabulous flying it's even harder for me to believe it's possible!" This comment is typical of the feeling that millions of people have experienced after watching the breath-taking maneuvers of the Air Force's astounding aerial acrobats, the Thunderbirds.

Flying in Republic F-84 Thunderjets, these men have thrilled over 10,000,000 people in the United States and South America with their

colorful display of precision formation flying since their organization on June 1, 1953. This five-man team of veteran pilots has traveled 75,000 miles—more than three times around the world—and has given close to two hundred performances.

Although there have been Air Force organizations of a similar nature in the past, such as the Acrojets and the Sabre Dancers, the Thunderbirds can lay claim to being the first official U. S. Air Force jet demonstration team. All five members of

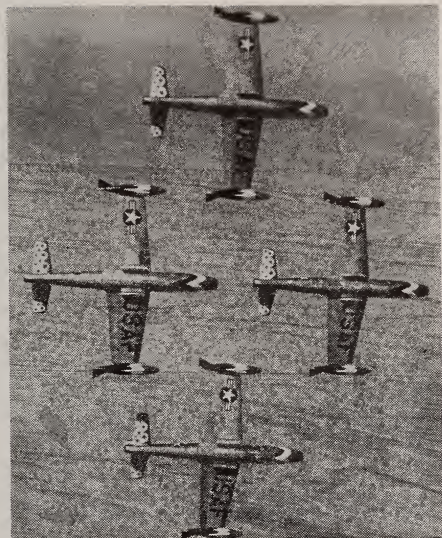
the Thunderbird team volunteered for the tough assignment and were selected by USAF Headquarters from many volunteers.

Home roost for the Thunderbirds is Luke Air Force Base, Glendale, Arizona, where they are attached to the 3600th Combat Crew Training Group. The team receives its assignments direct from USAF Headquarters in Washington, D. C.

The mission of the Thunderbirds is three-fold: to demonstrate the high degree of flying efficiency obtainable by USAF pilots; to familiarize the public with the capabilities of the nation's first-line fighter aircraft; and to create interest in the Air Force training program and the recruitment of aviation cadets.

Before the start of each show, the extra man who flies the "safety" spot performs solo stunts to give the audience a preview of the hair-raising group maneuvers to come. The Thunderbirds' demonstration, which lasts approximately fifteen minutes, begins as the four red, white, and blue Thunderjets streak into the show area at 500 miles an hour in a tight string formation, one behind the other. Pulling up into a loop, they change into a diamond formation while flying upside down. Their maneuvers progress through slow rolls, barrel rolls, loops, clover leaf turns, and to a grand finale portraying a "bomb burst."

In this spine-tingling spectacle the four jets climb almost straight up to 5,000 feet, split toward the four cardinal points of a compass, roll, and then plunge earthward resembling fragments of a bursting shell. Suddenly, just thirty seconds later,



the four jets zoom out of the sun and meet almost head-on, criss-crossing simultaneously from four directions at 540 miles an hour within a few hundred feet of the ground and re-assemble in another formation.

In a typical formation the Thunderbirds fly only five feet apart with wing tip tanks overlapping. So tight are team formations that the exhaust of the lead jet frequently blackens the aircraft flying the rear slot. The team seldom goes up in the air without its fifth member who is ready to fill in immediately at any position should one of the four regulars have to drop out.

With the modesty common to all great performers, the Thunderbirds lightly dismiss their aerial acrobatics and say that any jet pilots could do the same. But ask anyone who has seen the Thunderbirds in action and he'll tell you that they put on the most extraordinary show of the supersonic age.

JESUS THE CHRIST

T. E. Jessop

EVERYBODY who has looked into the matter knows that Jesus of Nazareth was at least a very remarkable teacher and, in the finest sense of the word, a saint.

But fewer and fewer of us *are* looking into the matter. We are content with a few odds and ends of information, or misinformation, about him. Usually we obtain this meager knowledge from quarters where he is least studied, instead of from the church, where he is known most.

With nothing but those odds and ends in our minds we ask impatiently, "Why isn't it enough to acknowledge his goodness and to try to follow his moral teaching?" Yet how many of us are doing even that much? If we were, our country would be in a far better shape than it is.

Not having done justice to Jesus at that level, we can scarcely go on

to say that if only the church would drop its talk about his divinity, lots of people outside would begin to come in. Anyhow, is it really *that* that is keeping them out? Or is it simply the present fashionable indifference to religion?

No Christianity Without Christ

To ask the church to drop its heavy emphasis on Jesus is like asking it to tear its heart out. Christianity without Christ at its center would have to be called by another name. It was given that name because, besides first announcing it, he was and remains a part of it.

The notion that all that he did was to tell people that there is a God, and that they ought to be decent with one another, is plainly untrue. It is also odd, because in his day everybody took it for granted

that there is a God. And they knew by their own conscience (as we do now) that they had duties to one another and would get on much better if they did them.

When we whittle Jesus down to a teacher of the obvious, we miss the very things which the church, in simple loyalty to the facts, insists on holding fast. Some of Christ's teaching was about himself. Some of his actions meant something about himself. There are features in his personality that make us catch our breath and wonder not only about his teaching but about *him*. He was much more than a teacher.

What Jesus Taught

So far as he was a teacher, his chief concern was to tell us what God is, what God's attitude is toward man, and what man's attitude should be toward God. That is religion, religion in the strictest sense.

The right relation of men *to one another* is morality. What he said about this he put second, not first. He made it depend on what he said about God.

When we put morality first, and then tack religion on to it as a pious extra, we are turning his order upside down. What in effect he was saying is, "Get right with God, and then you will both know how, and be able to get right with your fellow men."

His Putting Religion First Proved to Be Right

How true this order is, is being fully proved in the chaos of today. We are being exhorted to be decent with one another. Laws and institutions are being multiplied to make us so. Yet we are failing on a grand

scale. Nations are on guard against each other. Our own nation is split into two hostile parties. Sectional selfishness is rife, crime and divorce are on the increase, and carefree laughter has nearly gone out of the world.

Leaving God out, we have tried to make morality stand on its own legs, and it has collapsed. If only we could get into the habit of looking *up*, we should be able to look *around* more intelligently. We should soon be finding one another friends instead of foes, helps instead of hindrances.

His Teaching About God

What was it, then, that Jesus said about God and man? Something very simple.

The Power that created all things, and by whose permission they exist, is not only power, and not only majesty and "aweful" holiness. If God were only that, and if we were nothing but creatures, we should have to quail at the thought of God. Fear had played a great part in the old religions. Jesus tore it out.

Think of God, he said, not as a great hammer ready to crush you little mortals for the slightest act of disobedience, but as Father, as everybody's Father. Then think of yourselves as his children, and behave accordingly, both to him and to one another.

Think of God not as remote but as near, concerned about every one of you, and accessible to every one.

Think of God not as a proud and stern lawgiver, binding down his petty subjects with a strangling network of rules, but as the Head of a family, appealing for the obedience not of fear but of affection. He in-

vites you to walk with God and with one another by the insight of a cleansed conscience, which sees and feels the right in each situation.

That is the meaning of Christ's famous sayings, "God is Love" and "Love one another." Rather, that is the basic meaning, for so much follows from it that we are having to learn it bit by bit and shall still be learning at the journey's end.

Was Jesus Only a Teacher? OR THE SON OF GOD?

But is Christ's teaching true?

It is when we ask that question that we must turn from the teaching of Jesus to Jesus himself. He was not making statements to be examined in the air. He bound them to himself. He was himself the evidence for them. He did not say that they are what the old prophets told us, or what anybody who cares to think hard will find out. Indeed, he did not say that his *statements* are the truths by which we should live. He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

This and other sayings, and all his doings, show that what he was offering to men was not so much his words and ideas as himself.

A mere teacher does not say, for example, as he said, "Come to me, all you who are toiling and moiling and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." He claimed to be peculiarly intimate with God, to come from him. Most striking of all, he claimed to forgive men, and save them, which only God can do. The claim stands because the life he lived was not simply godly, but godlike. That is, like the God he spoke of, full of unquenchable affection. He was so like the God he spoke of

that his first followers felt obliged to believe that God was really in Christ, revealing himself.

This is what the church still believes, and what it expresses by worshipping God in and through Christ, by calling him Lord.

What We Need to Be Saved From

The only way of learning whether or not the church is right is not to argue about hard words like "divinity," which few of us have been trained to discuss, but to meet Christ in the Gospels. See him in the history of his followers, and in the present fellowship of the church.

There Christ stands out as Saviour, Redeemer. What does this mean?

Well, we know what it is to want to be saved from poverty, insecurity, injustice, and war. In depending on politics for that sort of salvation, we are supposing that ills that spring from immoral roots can be conjured away by nothing but legislation. At a more personal level, we want to be delivered from our faults of character, at any rate from those that are obvious enough to be irritating to ourselves and others.

Some of them we can manage to remove, if we have grit enough. Some we might smooth away with the help of a good friend, if we are lucky enough to have one. But some still stick stubbornly there. If we look into ourselves candidly enough we shall find more of these sticking faults. Also, underneath them all, we discover a fount of general faultiness, which explains the familiar fact that when we get rid of one bad habit another commonly springs up in its place.

This stubborn core of wrongheartedness is the most baffling thing

in human nature. Everybody who has to handle men knows it in others. Everybody who examines his own heart knows it in himself. It does not disappear when we get more money, more political power, or more education. It resists all the usual measures. It can be dealt with only in a religious way.

Why We Fail Without Christ

But this moral wrongheartedness is not the only evil that forces us to religion for its removal.

Religion is concerned with more than moral evil. The fundamental evil is a wrong attitude toward God—opposing him, neglecting him, or lightly denying his very existence. This is the basic meaning of *sin*. What is morally wrong is *also* sinful because an offense against any of God's children (even those who do not acknowledge him) is an offense against God himself. And offense against a God who is like a Father is horrible.

It is from all this that we need to be saved. We ourselves, either singly or together, can't work ourselves out of it just because sinfulness is a weakness and blindness at the very heart of us.

As history rolls on this becomes more and more plain. Only the God who made us can deliver us, by remaking us from the core of our being outwards, by turning us round ("converting" us) to face him, to see everything in his light, and to live by his power.

What Jesus Christ Offers You

What Christ came for was less to teach than to offer us that deliverance. He determined to do everything he could to bring it about

—everything short of forcing it on us, for he respects our freedom.

What he did at first is written in the Gospels and summarized in the Apostles' Creed: He came straight from the Father to be a man, served his fellows, bore with their ingratitude, and at the end even submitted to a monstrous execution. All this was a *lived* (not merely spoken) proof of God's desire to bring all his children home, and of his patience with their weakness and wickedness.

Then, to the disciples' astonishment, Christ was found to be alive again. What he has been doing ever since is shown in the long line of Christians who have really lived in his company and felt the full force of his influence.

He is still at work, saving those who let him. He rolls the clouds away from their minds and the burdens from their hearts. He gives them steadiness instead of fear, cleanses the springs of their thoughts, feelings and actions, and binds them to one another and all of them to God. Thus he prepares the way for the widening peace which God wants us to have in this life and guarantees in the next life to all who put themselves now in the hands of his Son, Jesus the Christ.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

The difference between listening to a radio sermon and going to church, someone has said, is almost like the difference between calling your girl on the telephone and spending an evening with her.

—Moody Monthly

■ *Religion and science was Maimonides' favorite subject, and he influenced Christianity as well as Judaism with his profound thoughts.*



MAIMONIDES,

A

Great

Bible

Scholar

by

Glenn Everett

THROUGHOUT the world Jewish communities have observed 1955 as Maimonides Year (my-mon-ah-dēz) in commemoration of the 750th anniversary of the death of one of the greatest Jewish rabbis who ever lived. He was a latter-day prophet whose philosophy influenced Christianity no less than Judaism.

Rabbi Moses ben Maimon, better known by the Greek name, Maimonides, which he signed to his books, has been honored on a stamp of Israel. Christians also owe a debt of gratitude to this great Old Testament scholar.

Maimonides was born in Cordova, Spain, in 1135. Tradition says he was a lazy boy who disliked to study. His father took him sternly in hand, and pointed out that he was descended from a long line of scholars. Posterity can be glad his father did.

Maimonides tackled his studies with determination, and with a critical mind, he was constantly asking challenging questions of his teachers. In an age when all learning was by memorization of what someone else had said, young Moses simply wasn't content with a parrot-like recitation of his lessons.

At fourteen he arose in the Cordova synagogue and gave such a powerful lecture on the need to revise the Talmud (the Jewish code of law) that he stunned the rabbis and elders. The commentary on the Talmud which he completed when he was thirty-three is now so revered that it is usually printed as part of the Talmud itself.

Times, however, were hard for Maimonides' family. The Moors conquered Cordova and tried to force all Jews, at the point of the sword, to embrace the Moslem faith. The

family fled to Egypt rather than submit.

In order to earn a living, Maimonides took up the practice of medicine and became the greatest physician of his time. He insisted on trying new remedies and rejecting foolish, old superstitions. He became physician to the Sultan of Egypt and turned down an offer to go to England to the court of King Richard, the Lion-Hearted.

Meanwhile, he also became a teacher, but never would accept tuition fees from his students. He believed that intellect was a gift from God to be used in God's service.

And how this brilliant rabbi did labor for God! His greatest book was called *Guide to the Perplexed*. In it he tackled the problem of the relation between religion and science. Scientific research had its limitations, he said, and there are many areas where man never can have knowledge except by revelation from God. Faith, however, he held, always has to be checked by reason. If religious beliefs can be disproved by scientific facts, they must be discarded as mere superstitions.

When Maimonides' challenging words reached Christian ears, they had quite an impact. St. Thomas Aquinas, who tried to get Christianity back to its Scriptural foundations out of the abysmal morass of medieval paganism into which it had fallen, got much inspiration from Maimonides. The leaders of the Reformation, 300 years later, were familiar with this rabbi who did so much to separate man-made superstition from genuine faith.

To demonstrate the penetrating philosophy of Maimonides, consider his famous "Eight Degrees of

Charity." The lowest degree in God's sight is attained, he taught, by those who bestow charity, but with grumbling. Next above them are those who give charity cheerfully, but less than they ought. Third, those who contribute when asked, and the amount they are asked. Fourth, those who give before being asked. Fifth, those who give and do not know who received the charity, though the recipient knows its source. Sixth, those who give and do not disclose their names. Seventh, those who give so that they are unknown, the recipients never know from whence the help comes, and no one knows it was given. Eighth, and highest of all, said Maimonides, are those who give a loan or a gift to help a poor person establish himself in an occupation so that he will not need to receive charity.

In an age of intolerance and persecution, when thousands of Jews were being killed and when Christians and Moslems were murdering one another in the Crusades, Maimonides spoke of the brotherhood of all believers. Three times in his Bible commentary he emphasized that the righteous and pious among all faiths are God's chosen people and would attain salvation.

Today a plaque picturing Maimonides is to be found over one of the doors to the House of Representatives in the United States Capitol, honoring him as one of the great lawgivers of history. We can appreciate as we study his extraordinary and versatile life why, after he passed away on December 13, 1204, the saying grew up, "From Moses to Moses (Maimonides) there has been none like Moses." He was buried by the Sea of Galilee.

Old Sin Tilly's creator is a Kentuckian who has had hundreds of articles and short stories published during his teens and twenties. He has done military and civilian service for the U.S. government and has spent some time in Army and Veterans Administration hospitals.

IF OLD SIN TILLY had any other name, it was unknown to the folk of Crag County. "Old Sin" it was on the tax books at the county seat. But he never voted or received mail within that jurisdiction. He answered to the name, when he spoke at all, though "Uncle" was the title usually given to graying old men in the Kentucky hills. There were Tillys in Breathitt County, his former home; but so far as any local person knew, he had no relatives or even friends.

Old Sin's unpainted two-room shack on Tar Ridge was inhospitable. It fronted the dirt road from behind a worm-rail fence. There were a shed and a well at the rear, and down the hillside sloped a small garden and a tobacco patch. Hollyhocks screened the house from the road, and moss roses grew in a battered zinc washtub near the porch.

Chickens pecked around the yard, nesting where they would and roosting in the trees. There were no pigs or horse stock, nor even a dog. The nearest neighbor was a mile away. There was only one chair on the porch, handmade of hickory. The front door was always shut.

"You're the first mountain man I ever saw, Old Sin, that didn't own a gun." The remark came from mustached Clint Hawkins, high sheriff, when a search warrant brought him to the shack. "And," he

OLD SIN TILLY



added, scrutinizing the room, "you're the only feller I know who keeps a house as clean as if he had a woman."

Old Sin tried to answer, but only a faint mutter came through his tobacco-stained beard. He was unused to speech with his fellow men.

The sheriff poked through the



ashes of the kitchen stove, squinted up the rock chimney of the bedroom fireplace, and even wedged his bulk between the foundation posts under the house. He found no clue anywhere to what he was seeking.

"Well," he finally admitted, "you've got me fooled, or you ain't

guilty. But a man that's done all the devilment you have can just expect to be suspicioned. Old Sin, it plumb beats me how you're alive today!"

"I didn't harm Noel Wagner," he said. "Fact is, I never heard tell of him before. I ain't owned a gun or

pulled a trigger since my boy Clyde come home from the war."

"Is that his picture?" Sheriff Hawkins pointed to an unframed photograph pinned by a thorn to the wall over the fireboard.

"Yes, that's him." Old Sin's small eyes brightened. He moved a step closer and gazed up at the face beneath the thorn as if it were a shrine.

"Clyde was my last born," he murmured. "That picture was took in Old England, he told me, jest before he went to another land sommers and got shot. Clyde was the purtiest of all my young'uns. The rest of 'em are dead, too."

Clint Hawkins shrugged, but said nothing. He bade his involuntary host good-bye, went out to his horse, and started back to town.

True to his comment, however, the hermit of Tar Ridge often was under suspicion. If a shoat or calf was missing, a shot was fired from ambush, or a barn mysteriously burned anywhere in that region, "Old Sin Tilly done it," was the first thought of the victim and his neighbors.

"Nobody can make a livin' on that little farm, let alone have anything to sell. He always has cash money, too."

"Does his tradin' 'way over at Bald Knob, instead of trompin' half the same distance to town. He don't trap for varmints, or hunt squirrels and ground hogs, or borry a thing off his neighbors."

"Recollect when his boy died? He wouldn't let anybody come to help and mourn. Old Sin hired a wagon, wrapped the corpse in a coverlet, and hauled it to Breathitt County all by himself. Folks say that's whar he

goes once a month, takin' nothin' but the clothes on his back."

"Yes, he's spelled. The Sarpent's got him. Sent to the gallows twice and penitentured for life three times—yet thar he sits, jest chawin' and studyin', studyin' and chawin'."

Old Sin Tilly's past was not exaggerated. He was a henchman, more than a generation before, when the hills and creeks of Breathitt County were stained with feudists' blood. The wealth and political influence of his clan chieftain twice saved him from hanging and thrice more opened his cell doors to freedom.

SHERIFF Hawkins again rode to Tar Ridge. The grand jury was in session at the county seat. Clint found the old man in his chair behind the hollyhocks.

"This is the second sheep Jim Fugate's lost inside of a month," exclaimed the sheriff, impatiently. "I got another warrant to search your house."

Old Sin, without rising, gestured toward the closed door.

"Holp yerself," was all he said.

Clint Hawkins pushed the door open and strode inside. After nearly an hour, he returned to the porch and confronted the recluse.

"You're a slick one," he grumbled. The sheriff was not offered a chair. "Old Sin, I've about come to believe what the folks say: Satan is your daddy. I can't find a bone or a bite of mutton anywhere around."

"I quit eatin' meat several year ago." Old Sin spoke with an effort. "I don't even kill a chicken; jest take their eggs. I never stole that sheep."

Clint jerked at his mustache and unconsciously backed away.

"Don't eat meat?" he ejaculated. "Why, I never heard of a feller livin' and not eatin' meat!"

"It's bloody." The olive drab seemed to fold around the figure hunched in the chair. "It means a-killin'. Me and my boy seen plenty of that. But—" a moment of shivering hesitation—"but I never really knowed what killin' meant until Clyde come home shot, and I watched him pine away and die.

"Why do you stay on here?" the sheriff asked suddenly.

"Whar else is a better place?"

"Well—I figger you have some kin." Old Sin did not answer. "And several people have asked me how you get your money when you don't traffic and trade." The man in the chair was silent. "There's talk, too, of where you go regular for several days and what you do there."

"I go to Jackson-town, in Breathitt. That's my old home. I got a little business thar come the first of a month."

Old Sin Tilly went to Crag County's village capital only once each year. It was primarily to pay his taxes as soon as they were due. With the receipt in his greatcoat pocket, he had his hair and beard trimmed, and purchased what few clothes he needed. The town did not see him again for another year.

"Thar goes Old Sin down the road, back from Breathitt again."

"Wish I had kin in them parts. I'd take my pen and ask 'em what he does thar."

"Them who fought with him in the feud wars are about all dead now. He's a mighty old man. One of these days the smoke'll stop comin' from his chimney and he'll be found in thar—"

"No, the Sarpent don't take 'em that way. Likely he'll plumb disappear, body, bones, and all, and thar'll be a new rattler crawlin' on the Ridge."

IT WAS a night of chilling wind and rain that brought Clint Hawkins again to the shack. He had no desire or intention of stopping there. But his mare had lost a shoe, and he would rather punish himself than punish her by pushing on over the rutted roads.

Clint knocked, rather than called, at the door. There was no response. One hand on the revolver at his belt, the other striking a match, he shouldered the door open and entered.

Logs glowed in the fireplace, their flames dying. A bed was in the far corner of the room. On it, by the light of a second match, the sheriff saw a figure lying beneath the army coat.

Old Sin stirred, lifted himself on an elbow and did not seem the least surprised.

"Have you come to get me for shootin' the governor?" the note of sarcasm startled Clint. "Well, I ain't got nobody to buy me free this time. Reckon I'll finally have to hang on the gallows-tree." There was a feeble chuckle.

"Throw on more wood, Mr. Hawkins, and sot yerself a chair. You're welcome."

The big sheriff explained his reason for being there. He unbuckled his holster and laid it on the fireboard. The face of the soldier beneath the thorn, above the fireboard, smiled through the shadows.

"Are you bad sick?" Clint went over to the bed.

The other mountaineer shook his head. "No, jest poorly. Gettin' along in years and poorly," he repeated. "I can't read print, so I rest myself early of winter nights."

A cool, gentle hand reached down to his forehead. Clint Hawkins was not a police officer now.

"Shoe or no shoe," he declared, "I'm ridin' my mare on to Jim Fugate's and sendin' him to town for the doctor. Then I'll come right back—"

"No. Don't you trouble." The feeble chuckle sounded again: "I've kept my coffin box empty a smart while now."

Clint reluctantly took a chair. Nothing more was said by either of them for several minutes.

"Mr. Hawkins?"

"Yes, Mr. Tilly?"

The old man hesitated. "I reckon I'm better acquainted with you," he said, "than with arry person in this county. You come by right often. Mr. Hawkins, I crave to ask you a favor."

"What is it?" The replenished fire lighted the room. The figure on the bed seemed more human now.

"I want this here coat for my shroud," Old Sin plucked at the faded olive drab. "I want that picture with me too." The sheriff understood. "And, Mr. Hawkins, when it comes time for that, you write the Jackson bank. They've got ever'-thing else fixed with my mark."

Clint nodded. "You've got money there?"

"Yes—sort-a. Enough laid by to bury me, that is. It's why I go to Breathitt ever' month, to get and bank the checks sent me thar. They come from the government, account of my boy."

The sheriff's eyes widened. "So that's how you get your money," he exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Tilly, you could have them pension checks mailed to you here."

"They're better sent to Jackson-town. The bank thar does with 'em what I want and nobody suspects it's me."

"Suspects what?"

"Aw—" The old feudist turned under the greatcoat. "I confidence you, Mr. Hawkins. Them checks—most of the money from 'em, you see, goes without my name to help the growin' young'uns and grands of the men I killed. 'Tain't much, but it's all I can do now."

Sheriff Hawkins rose. "I'm goin' for the doctor. A feller misjudged like you—"

"No. Please, sir!"—a hand, still strong under its wrinkles, clutched his sleeve. "I'll be stirrin' in the mornin'. I feel a heap better already, tellin' you what I have."

Old Sin, with an effort, sat up in bed. He fumbled in a pocket for a twist of tobacco. The sheriff watched him bite off a chew.

"Just what is your right name, Mr. Tilly?" Clint foresaw no more search warrants for that house. His tone softened.

"I'd like to call you Uncle," he explained. "It's more polite in these hills."

"My fust name—my real name?" A grin shone through the yellow-stained beard. Old Sin's bare feet were on the floor. He stood up, the stoop gone from his shoulders.

"Mr. Hawkins, I confidence you," he said. "Peace. Yes, Peace was what my mammy called me when I was borned. Peaceful Tilly it were, a long time ago."

■ H. Thayer Bruce, a World War I veteran, and grandfather, did publicity work for many years. After Pearl Harbor he served as a commissioned officer in the Army Air Force, later was hospitalized out. Several years ago a stroke caused him to take up whittling. This story tells about his experiences with wood.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

. . . With Your Jackknife

by

H. THAYER BRUCE



THERE comes a time in the lives of many when the old way of life may no longer be pursued. Too many of us are ill-fitted to find a new way.

This situation struck me head-on. World War II left me with a condition which indicated I could no longer stand the strain of my previous vocation. Naturally I tried to go on, but one day I woke up blinking my eyes over the fact that I had experienced a stroke.

This paralysis was the farthest from anything I could have conceived might happen to me. I could never have imagined the means by which my recovery was aided and a new and profitable way of life provided. If anyone had told me that I would one day earn a living by whittling, I would have replied, "You're crazy!"

To be frank, whittling didn't come to me by any impulse of genius. A neighbor came by with a knife and a chunk of wood and told me to go to

it. I laughed at him. At the time I could barely use fork and spoon. But I did try. After all, he was trying to be helpful and kind.

There's an earthiness to wood which has caused some to consider it sacred. I've held a beautifully grained piece of mahogany and questioned my right to cut it. Yet, when one can fashion artistic objects from beautiful wood, it seems right and proper.

I didn't start with mahogany, of course. I started with basswood or linden. From my experience, basswood is superior to any other wood for beginners. It cuts like butter fresh from the refrigerator.

All woods will splinter if not cut with clean strokes. The answer to that is a sharp knife. The knife I use has a three-and-a-half inch blade which hones razor sharp. But any knife may be used provided its blade is properly tempered; even the common pocket knife. The smaller blades

are used for more intricate cuts.

Take a piece of basswood six inches long, three wide and two thick. We want to make a little man. We're just beginning, so we won't make him swinging a golf club or with arms folded across his chest. The average human body, for sculptural purposes, is seven to eight times the length from shoulders to top of head. Arms from the shoulder down are three times, and legs are four times from the hip joint down and three and one half from heel to crotch. Your fingers won't all come out so accurately proportioned. They shouldn't since people vary in size and shape. Also, there is some caricaturing in all carving—in all art, for that matter.

First we must whittle off some surplus. Our wood is obviously too wide and thick for our little man's height. We'll thin by about two inches in width. But in commencing, we must keep fixed in our mind's eye the figure we are about to whittle because, if we don't, we'll wind up with a horrible looking thing.

Having whittled off the sides, we now whittle off front and back to about an inch at each end for head and feet, leaving the wood thicker in the center for body depth.

Now that we've sized the wood, we'll cut in for the head. The chin is lower than the base of the skull yet is above shoulder level, so allow a head and a half from the crown of the skull to the shoulder line. Start cutting in from the sides. First cut a straight stroke in, then a diagonal stroke down to the straight-in cut, thus preventing splintering. Continue this from both sides until a stump remains about an inch in width.

The arms will hang straight down,

fists closed, thus eliminating fingers; pesky things. So, estimate three head lengths from the shoulders, then notch in as for the neck.

For the legs, we'll work up from the feet, allowing three and a half head lengths. Grasp the knife close down on the blade and cut up diagonally from the feet to the center of the wood with the point of the knife, then turn the point at the crotch and cut down diagonally to form the inside of the opposite leg. About three-quarters of an inch should be allowed for each leg's thickness. We indent for the toes, of course, then shape the heel and trousers; but that comes later, in final finishing.

Head width is about three-quarters head length, but we must allow protrusions for nose and ears. The chin, cheeks, and forehead must be cut back from the hump allowed for the nose, but leaving a mound remaining from which to form the mouth. The eyes, until skill is acquired, may be cut as a v-notch. The ears must be shaped from a mound rising out from the cheeks about three-quarters the head width back, the mound cut sharply into the head at its rear so the ears may be made to stand out.

Thus we have a figure of sorts. Perhaps we've become so excited over the doing and its result we don't want to stop working at it. But we must. When instinct tells us a figure has been whittled to good proportions, we must leave it alone then and there, or, sure enough, that next unnecessary cut of the knife will chip an ear, or we'll become clumsy, drop the piece, and break a leg.

We've used the human figure as the beginning piece because it is, after all, what we are. With people

all about us, we should know the human figure; but we usually don't—not accurately enough. We will want to study our neighbors and the people passing. It is the little mannerism—the odd gesture, which may be incorporated into the figure that gives it individuality. And a figure should possess individuality to make it stand out from the commonplace.

I've mentioned "whittling" in this story more than "carving" because carving is a different operation. It requires an assortment of tools, chisels, rasps, and mallets, a vise big enough to hold your wood, and a bench sturdy enough to hold the vise and take the whamming. Yes, I have a kit of six small tools, but I rarely use any but the skewer or parting tool and the small v-tool.

Art forms whittled from wood are lovely to see and divine in the doing, but art is rarely profitable. If we wish but to clear expenses we must be practical. Not that I belittle art. I'd give much to be able to afford to whittle museum pieces and objects salable from the better of our big city galleries. But, alas! Since I must be practical, I use a practical wood: basswood. Inexpensive, it is readily obtainable. It cuts evenly, takes paint or stain, and rubs to a high polish.

White pine is soft, finishes well, and takes color. With me, it has a tendency to splinter. Red cedar is excellent for animals. Because it is red-brown to purple in tone, striking color effects exist for the rubbing. It is soft and easy to cut, but it will splinter; so it must be handled with care. I like mahogany and use a great deal, though it makes me sneeze; a purely personal allergy. It is a firm wood; yet it cuts easily, and finishes beautifully.

Black walnut is similar in texture, but tougher. Butternut or white walnut cuts easily, being comparatively soft. Greyish-brown in tone, it is highly grained. Yellow poplar is good and takes paint or stain. If you want a grey cat, use willow. The various maples are better vise and mallet woods, because they are exceedingly hard, but the beautiful finishes obtainable makes working with them worth the effort. Birch cuts easily, is prettily grained, and desirable for natural finishing. Generally speaking, these woods are all available in local lumber yards, as well as pear, apple, and cherry, which are harder in quality, yet nice in color and grain.

Finish is synonymous with sandpapering. Sandpapering may well take longer than the whittling, and be harder work. Yet, it is a vital job because a piece must be sanded until it glows in order to take a high finish. The minutest particles of dust will show up under paint, stain, or wax like chunks of gravel. Many object to varnish, shellac and lacquer. I have used all three with varying degrees of success, and I like lacquer, sprayed. It preserves as well as provides a lasting luster.

I wasn't told how to go ahead and whittle, nor how to finish. The trial and error theory—the age-old learn-by-experience theory—may be costly in cuts and figures grotesquely formed, but in the long run it does pay off. One fine job wipes away the anguish of ten bad ones.

Steadily the average improves. It did with me. As a result I'm in business. I operate from my home, my porch in summer. So try it. Whittle. It'll bring you an inner peace, a satisfaction from accomplishment. Perhaps, as with me, new days for old.

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society

Spokesman for God

1. **Strengthened by Friendship** 1 Samuel 23:1-23
2. **Saved by Friendship** 1 Samuel 23:24—24:15
3. **Good for Evil** 1 Samuel 24:16—25:13
4. **Humble Submission** 1 Samuel 25:14-35
5. **God's Mysterious Ways** 1 Samuel 25:36—26:20
6. **The Results of Mercy** 1 Samuel 26:21—27:12
7. **A Strong Man Afraid** 1 Samuel 28:1—29:5
8. **The Spoils of War** 1 Samuel 29:6—30:20
9. **Saul's Hara-Kiri** 1 Samuel 30:21—31:13
10. **Bloody Retribution** II Samuel 1
11. **Treachery** II Samuel 2:1-17
12. **A National Alliance** II Samuel 3:1-27
13. **Terrible** II Samuel 3:28—4:12
14. **Jerusalem Falls** II Samuel 5
15. **Triumphal Entries** II Samuel 6; Mark 11:1-11
16. **Promise and Prayer** II Samuel 7
17. **Kindness After Battle** II Samuel 8:9
18. **The Strong Becomes Weak** II Samuel 10:1—11:13
19. **Deceit Then Justice** II Samuel 11:14—12:14
20. **From Tenderness to Lust** II Samuel 12:15—13:14
21. **Remorse and Recompense** II Samuel 13:15—14:11
22. **The Wanderer's Return** II Samuel 14:12-33
23. **Foul Conspiracy** II Samuel 15:1-29
24. **Self-Restraint and Passion** II Samuel 15:30—16:23
25. **The Holy Spirit Comes** Acts 2:1-28
26. **The King Flees** II Samuel 17
27. **A Son's Death** II Samuel 18
28. **A Father's Sorrow** II Samuel 19:1-30
29. **Appeasing the Angry** II Samuel 21

UNITED

FELLOWSHIP



Easy “Yes”—Easy “No”

I T always amazes me how easily people in church will sing statements they don't believe. The pastor announces Hymn No. 341, and the congregation rises and sings lustily: “In Christ there is no East or West . . . ; but one great fellowship of love throughout the whole wide earth.” Sounds great, but we don't believe it. We may claim some academic belief, but we do not have an honest belief that makes a difference in the way we live. We still feel perfectly free to go about our business hating the Russians, despising the Chinese, ignoring the poverty-stricken, and keeping people of the wrong color out of our churches. Easy “yes” with our voices; easy “no” with our actions.

The preacher stands and reads the words of Paul: “The eye cannot say to the hand, ‘I have no need of you,’ nor again the head to the feet, ‘I have no need of you.’” The congregation nods a careless assent, and goes on in its isolationist way ignoring the other churches and Christian agencies of the community. We have such pride in our strength and rightness that we seldom feel a need for our fellow Christians. The easy “no” of minding our own business answers the easy “yes” to Paul's call to brotherhood.

Humanity lives on the crust of a sphere called “Earth,” which seems to get smaller every year. Nations get more interdependent all the time. Earth is getting more crowded, too. Each Christmas there are 60,000,000 more people to feed and house than there were on New Year's Day.

Some day nature will force us to learn to live together in peace and mutual love—or we shall destroy each other. But why should we wait for that terrible choice? Christ calls us to such a life now, because it is the way man ought to live. Couldn't each of us get started at once?

—Joe Dana

A Service of Worship

BY CARL R. KEY

CALL TO WORSHIP

"The Lord is gracious and merciful,
slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love.
The Lord is good to all,
and his compassion is over all that he has made.
The Lord upholds all who are falling,
and raises up all who are bowed down.
The Lord is faithful in all his words,
and gracious in all his deeds."

Psalm 145

INVOCATION

O God of the Universe and our Father, our eyes ever look to thee. Pour out, we beseech thee, thy steadfast love upon us. Sustain us by thy faithfulness and thy truth. We know that thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. We know that thou art just in all thy ways and kind in all thy doings. So, fill our lives with the same inner qualities as we worship thee. Amen.

HYMN "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee"

SCRIPTURE

Read Luke 6, especially verses 27-36.

TALK * "You Will Be Sons of the Most High"

To live as sons of God; this is the high calling that comes to us from Jesus. It is the way he lived. It is a life of utter unselfishness. It considers possessions of far less importance than being in loving relation with people around us. "Love your enemies . . . condemn not . . . forgive, that you may be a son of God." Unless we love others with a love that is very patient, very kind, completely unselfish, nothing else we do will matter.

We are here to grow up in all things to "the fullness of the stature of Christ"—to become sons of the Most High, by loving as he loved, forgiving as he forgave, doing good as did he.

POEM

ATTAINMENT

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX†

Use all your hidden forces. Do not miss
 The purpose of this life, and do not wait
 For circumstance to mold or change your fate,
 In your own self lies destiny. Let this
 Vast truth cast out all fear, all prejudice,
 All hesitation. Know that you are great,
 Great with divinity. So dominate
 Environment, and enter into bliss.
 Love largely and hate nothing. Hold no aim
 That does not chord with universal good.
 Hear what the voices of the silence say,
 All joys are yours if you put forth your claim,
 Once let the spiritual laws be understood,
 Material things must answer and obey.

LET US PRAY: *"Today, O Father, let us practice this way most high and holy. Let not our love of possessions keep us from loving and serving people. Let no pride separate us from any person, nor anger cause us to do or say what would hurt another. Whatever we do or say, may it be done and said in love. Amen."

HYMN "It May Not Be on the Mountain Height"

BENEDICTION

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, guard our hearts and our thoughts in Christ Jesus. Amen.

† From the New Hymnal for American Youth. Used by permission of W. B. Conkey Co. in the 1945 edition by Westminster Press.

* From Lenten Devotions for Young People, 1955. Used by permission of The Rev. G. Arthur Casaday and The Pilgrim Press.

Bible Study for the week beginning February 5, 1956

JESUS' BASIS FOR BROTHERHOOD

Henry Tani

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Luke 10:25-37; Matthew 22:34-40

Purpose of this lesson:

1. To point up the inconsistencies and difficulties of our understanding of brotherhood.
2. To renew our personal commitment to the Christian ideals of the oneness of mankind and the brotherhood of man.

■ THINK NOW of the traditional attitude which some American people have shown to those who are "different." In the first place, to be American meant that one had to belong to a very select group of people, usually Protestant and definitely white, whose parents came from northern Europe at least two generations ago, and who now live on the right side of the tracks.

From this limited vantage point, the traditional view pointed a distasteful finger to the newcomers. These brought with them new language, new food, new styles and customs, differing religious practices, and perhaps a different race and color. Somehow or another, we (meaning these true Americans, of course) set ourselves apart and above the immigrants and newcomers in the community, and established a set

of unwritten rules to keep them in their place.

Thus we discriminated against them in getting jobs, in locating homes, in public restaurants, hotels, and recreational areas, in education, in political privileges, in education, in medical facilities, in cemeteries, in social life, and in participating in community activities. Since this pattern has been so strongly identified with the American way of life, we accept it too readily. We seldom question ourselves, or what we allow ourselves to do in these instances.

But if being Christian means anything to us, then we must be willing to be exposed to the Christian view. And we must reflect in our lives the view that there is such a thing as a Christian attitude to our fellow man.

In our church schools and from the pulpit we have heard the expression, the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." These are easily rolled off our tongues. Actually these words describe one very great truth in our Christian faith.

How do we get this Fatherhood of

God business? Any Sunday school youngster will tell you the story of the Creation. How God made the heavens and the earth, and on it he created man in his own image. As we grow older, we become more and more impressed at the immensity of the universe and the wonder and grandeur of the creation.

Those of us who are more scientifically inclined can tell how the blood of all people on the earth can be typed into four main classifications: O, A, B and AB. This leads on to many other common features about mankind: that bone structure and human anatomy are basically the same. Yes, there are some differences because of geography and age-long cultural patterns, but the human body is one, no matter where.

If we are philosophically bent, why do we pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven"? This is as inclusive as anything we can say, and permits us to use our imagination to the full. In almost every language used by people around the world today, the Bible is translated, to be taught and to be understood. From it come these words.

We could smile when we think of the days when only the men were permitted to speak for the family or clan, and the women were not considered fit even to eat at the same table with the men. There are places today where children are still seen but not heard. Yet age, sex, and geography, color, race or money in the bank do not keep anyone from uttering in all truth and sincerity, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Our Christian belief includes the

conviction that there is truth, honesty, goodness, mercy, and decency. Our Christianity insists that there is a right, which can be distinguished from wrong. The awkwardness of all this is that these eternal qualities apply to all people everywhere, all the time.

Whether we look back upon the activities of our forefathers through history, or anticipate what is to come in ages ahead, there is really one Judge, our God, our Father. There is light, and there is darkness. We may kid ourselves and our fellow man, but God is not fooled. We may not be equal to each other in size, in wealth, in brains, and in strength, but we are equal in the sight of God. Hence, we have one vote, one voice, one life—all valuable to God.

This then indicates something of the Fatherhood of God. But how about this brotherhood of man? On the one hand, we can go through our daily lives as if no one else lived. For all we care, as long as we are fairly comfortable, we would just as soon not be bothered about the cares of "the others." But how low can we get? How naïve must we become?

For us to stay alive, and be comfortable, we are dependent upon countless thousands of people around the nation and around the world who produce this piece, raise that item, and process the whole; so that we can have this gadget, or that food, or ride in this contraption and live in comfort. We, too, in our many different ways, contribute to the welfare of thousands of people. At least we hope we do. The point is, for pure existence, we cannot live alone but are

dependent upon other people.

So what does that say to us in our attitude toward them? Brotherhood suggests equality within the family. We recognize that within this family the members did not all come at the same time. One or the other may be larger or smaller, darker or lighter, slower or faster, richer or poorer. Nevertheless, the members of the family are responsible to the household and are equally responsible to each other. This is easily said, but the showdown comes in the attitude we show to each other within this family.

Christian brotherhood insists on love as the bond. This bond must extend to those beyond our immediate crowd. To make things rough, our Christian faith insists that we consider all people "our brothers." There is a before and an after about this. Our first, unchristian attitude may place us in a "before" group if we take care of ourselves—of me, myself, and I—and don't give a hang for anyone else. The "after" phase comes to those whose Christianity shows in their willingness to include within their concern the welfare of other people.

We must remind ourselves that as a Jew, Jesus belonged to a very touchy, proud, and religious group of people. They despised and loathed the Samaritans. A good Jew had no dealings with the Samaritans. In fact, a good Jew had no dealing with any non-Jew. Yet Jesus had the audacity to talk with the Samaritan woman at the well and to tell the story of the Good Samaritan to prove

to his Jewish listeners who the good neighbor was.

To us who live in a racially exclusive community, whether all white, or all colored, or all of a given minority element, how do we think now of our Christian attitudes? If the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man make us squirm, can we say honestly that this is the compulsion of being Christian? And is this good?

In his day, Jesus might have been labeled an odd character. His teachings sounded revolutionary. He favored the unpopular causes. Ultimately, it was his being different that brought him to the cross. Yet, who but Jesus could teach about turning the other cheek? This was in the days of the Roman occupation of Jewish homelands. Military powers from abroad walked with abandon and cruelty, and Jewish people stepped off the road to let the Roman warrior walk by. This, to Jesus, was brotherhood in his days. (See Matthew 5:39-41.)

Apply Jesus' teachings to us, today. If in our day and age, his words sound odd and out-of-step, could it be Jesus, the Son of God, who is wrong? Or could, by any chance, we who profess to be citizens of a God-fearing Christian nation perhaps fall short of the glory?

Questions for Discussion:

1. What practical difficulties are raised by the idea of Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man?
2. What are some definite views and attitudes you can claim to be honestly yours on this subject?

Bible Study for the week beginning February 12, 1956

BARRIERS TO BROTHERHOOD

Henry Tani

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: 1 John 3:7-21

Purpose of this lesson:

1. To identify and recognize the many ways in which we keep certain people from enjoying full brotherhood.
2. To grasp some new ideas of how each of us might begin to eliminate these barriers.

■ I AM an Oriental American, born of Japanese parents in that fabulous city by the Golden Gate, San Francisco, California. This makes me a member of a "minority" people in our American culture. The things of which I write therefore come out of first-hand experience. Some of these are more touchy than others. Let me describe some of the barriers which pestered me through my days.

The first obvious discrimination which my parents felt was in the realm of work. It is true that my folks did not know the language and the custom, and lacked training and education. As new immigrants to the Pacific shores, they did look different, ate peculiar food, spoke a foreign language, and huddled by themselves. Nevertheless, this ban against the Orientals in having a free choice of jobs passed on to us, the younger generation. Up to Pearl Harbor we could not teach in the public schools,

get desk or sales jobs, or find openings in industry and commerce.

The difficulty we faced in finding homes is still with us today. There is something sacred, I suppose, about the homes we live in. We cherish the land we own and the properties we keep. Intrusions by a foreign element disturb this peace and quiet. This forces the unfortunate minority people to live in the slums, the tenements, the wrong side of the tracks.

There is a subtle social discrimination, in an unofficial, unwritten way, which hemmed us in and caused us to walk gingerly to avoid embarrassing situations. This becomes more open when we are rejected at public eating places, at hotels, resorts, skating rinks, swimming pools, and the like. The whole impact of Jim Crow, with separate facilities for toilet, waiting rooms, and segregated sections in public vehicles, brings this to sharp focus. Even cemeteries fall in this category, and we are rebuffed even at death.

Minority people have had difficulty finding educational facilities open to them. If schools were not strictly segregated and inferior, special devices were often used to re-

strict student bodies to keep them exclusively white and proper. An inhuman aspect at this point is that there are even some hospitals and clinics which turn away human beings in agony and in medical need because their skin coloring is not just right.

We were also faced with some legal obstacles. Our parents could not become naturalized citizens. This, in turn, forbade the privilege of owning real estate. People had to love the right kind of people because intermarriage between races was legally taboo in many states. I suspect if we delved deeply enough, we could make a tear-jerking speech on the subject. Did we mention how our Protestant churches still make the biggest noise about Christian love and yet remain racially pure, either white or black?

Let us say that it is enough for us to know that there are many obvious and subtle barriers which make the whole business of American democracy and Christian brotherhood far less than perfect. Well, how did this come to be?

Much of our social pattern has been handed down to us. We inherited the attitudes and ideas of our parents and forefathers before we knew what hit us. Custom and tradition exert a very strong pressure on us, both good and bad. There is also some downright prejudice which is a mixture of fear and ignorance. Not knowing these other people because of distance or our social isolation may have built up a wall of separation and affected our attitudes toward them.

Perhaps there is something more basic. Over the years we have built into the stuff we call Americanism a sense of pride which is potentially dynamite. Each of us must have some pride in himself, his community and his nation. Yet some of us seem to put pride in our weakness, in our ignorance, in our fear, and in our intolerance. In our pride, we lord it over the newcomers, the immigrants, the colored, the neglected. Pride, which can be our strength, becomes the basis of our weakness.

Fortunately, these barriers are coming down. We have a better understanding of ourselves and our fellow man. There are firsthand contacts of people with people under the pressures of war and industry. New vision in the courts and in our legislatures help, just as do the pronouncements and programs from our church groups.

Legal actions, for instance, have provided for a fair chance at work, at housing, at education, in public transportation, in public places, and many other ways. These opportunities are not yet all equally available in all sections of our nation. The fact remains, there has been considerable progress made by law, by court decisions, and by the repeal of certain laws.

Labor unions have often championed the cause of the minority and have faced the barriers realistically. Many private and public schools have taken steps to open their doors to all qualified students. Professions are opening their ranks to minority scholars and technicians.

Social intermingling has followed

naturally. We may or may not be amazed at the easy way in which our military personnel abroad have brought home wives from previous "enemy" nations. The fact that our population is so mobile, moving at the rate of one family in five each year, makes it a fact that, whether we like it or not, we now live next door to people we wouldn't have associated with not so many years ago.

World War II and its millions of active participants had to face a life-or-death issue which had no regard for racial or economic distinctions. And all of this adds up to major strides for our nation and our people.

Then, what about our Protestant Christians and our churches? Are we still dragging our collective feet by holding fast to our segregated churches? How true is the observation that eleven o'clock Sunday morning is the most segregated hour in the American week? Yet, even within our churches there are signs of hope to indicate that our Christianity will be both preached and practiced.

What then does this say to me? What can I do as an individual? Does being a Christian youth make special demands upon me? What might be some practical next steps?

A new look at the scriptures might refresh us on our responsibilities. The binding element in human life is the love of God. The forgiving power of our religious heritage permits us to make a new start no matter how imperfect we may have been. The scripture lesson for today indicates that loving God should make us love our

brothers. Isn't this one final check-point?

Prayer: "O God who hast made of one all nations to dwell upon the earth, and who, by thy Son, Jesus Christ, has broken down the walls of partition between Jew and Gentile, slave and free, Greek and barbarian; break down, we beseech thee, all that divides us one from another. Shame our jealousies, and lay low our pride. Do away with all race prejudice, that the bonds of fellowship and mutual service may unite the east and the west, the north and the south; that we may live in peace together, in honor preferring one another; to the glory of thy great Name. Amen."

(From *Prayers of the Kingdom*, published by the Student Christian Movement, London.)

Questions for Discussion:

1. Name and describe some real discrimination which operates against people you know.
2. What can you as an individual, or a group, do to combat these discriminatory situations?

BEING NEIGHBORS

The future depends upon making our world of need and discontent and discord into a neighborhood. And the greatest contribution any people can make toward the solution of our present problems is that of being neighbors.

—*World Call*

Bible Study for the week beginning February 19, 1956

EXAMPLES OF BROTHERHOOD

Henry Tani

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Romans 12:3-17

Purpose of this lesson:

1. To realize that within the framework of our Protestant churches, there are people and situations which are pioneers in establishing brotherhood.
2. To indicate that it takes ordinary individuals to make the changes which affect our social order.

I

■ THORA BROWN and her husband applied for membership in a well-established downtown white church. Because she worked in the denominational headquarters of that church, she had grown quite fond of its people and its religious expressions. She wanted to join the local church in the neighborhood where she lived. But when Mr. and Mrs. Brown first asked for membership they were politely but effectively rebuffed and refused.

Being Negroes was the chief characteristic that made them not acceptable. The minister and his people could cite the usual long list of objections to welcoming a Negro family into their fellowship. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for the Browns to give up and retire to the comfort and shelter of "their own people." Yet there was a compulsion, an inner voice, which could not be stilled. "Meet people as peo-

ple, and the differences will go away," said Thora Brown.

Such a firm, and properly Christian, attitude was developed through struggle and pain. It meant a break with the traditional pattern of staying within her social bounds. It meant a strengthening of her soul to brush off the slights and hurts that inevitably come to pioneers of this kind. Two summers at the denomination's family camp where she served as music director, her husband as a craft instructor, and their little girl was one of the many children on the grounds, helped establish in their hearts that this was the group that they wanted to call their own.

So they wouldn't give up. They attended church services regularly and sent their daughter to church school. Then, quite unexpectedly at a Sunday morning worship, the minister received them into the fellowship of the church as full-fledged members.

In one sense, they've arrived. But the battle is not yet won. To their surprise their contemporaries, the other parents in the young adult class do not invite them to their monthly social affair. The beauty of this story is that it took stamina and vision,

but mostly it took an ordinary Negro girl who proved to herself and to her associates that this kind of brotherhood can be real.

II

The students at this college in Illinois thought it high time to break the color line and have some Negro students on the campus. The fact that this college was church-related, and that it had acted quite shamefully in the early days of Pearl Harbor when it was reluctant to receive a Japanese-American girl, pointed to a contradiction in the minds of the college group. So the young people of the denomination raised a scholarship fund to send Negro students to the colleges which are related to the denomination.

One such pioneer is George Williams. Being a Negro student on an all-white campus is not exactly a comfortable situation. The eyes of all are focused on every movement, on every activity, on every achievement they make or fail to make. Usually such a person must prove to be better than average. So often his associates go out of their way to be nice and patronizing.

Quite fortunately, George delivered the goods. He was blessed with ability and talent to shine in music, in campus organization, in athletics, and even rated a spot in *Who's Who in American Colleges*. Today, 1955-56, he is the traveling representative of the national United Christian Youth Movement, a spokesman for Protestant youth.

The youth fellowship of his denomination also sponsors a summer

caravan program. Young people in teams of four travel from church to church, one week at a time, for five weeks. To make this a Christian impact upon the people and community they visit, the caravans are often interracial, having within its membership Negro, Oriental, and American Indian young people. When a Negro fellow couldn't get a haircut in a college town in Indiana, his teammates trudged from barbershop to barbershop to share his chagrin and embarrassment until they came to a Negro barber's shop.

III

It was ten years since Hiroshima. A popular TV show featured the Methodist minister who brought over the twenty-five Japanese girls for plastic surgery to heal the scars and wounds caused by the atomic blast of Hiroshima. But behind the drama of their arrival is the quiet and effective ministry of the American Friends Service Committee of the American Quakers. It took the imagination of a big-name magazine publisher to bring this matter to the attention of others. But ultimately it was the homes of many people who received two girls each, sheltering them for one year, while they are under treatment in New York City.

Slowly—too slowly—our churches are making the words "a non-segregated church in a non-segregated society" come to life. In the downtown section of St. Louis, Missouri, a settlement house opened its doors to both white and colored children, and organized them into clubs, hobby, and athletic groups. These youngsters

went camping, shared cabins, and swam in the same pool. Out of this group has been organized a worshiping congregation whose membership is truly color blind. Here again, brotherhood is real.

Though Herb Schafale attended a white college in the south, he willingly became an "exchange student" at a Negro college in Nashville for one year. And Helen Keen of Ohio went to a North Carolina Negro girls school for a year. Their counterpart Negro students took their place on the campus of the all-white church-related colleges. It isn't easy to be an exchange student of this kind. But these pioneers went forth into their new venture, and blazed a path here and there which made brotherhood a new reality.

Now as we look back upon the people and situations we mentioned above, several things come to focus. First, there is something stirring in the field of race relations and in Christian brotherhood. We might even say that things are moving very fast, in the light of many years of traditional separation. However, this acceleration is only part of many other factors in our society, and might have been anticipated and expected.

Second, the individuals mentioned here and countless others, had to have some kind of preparation to fit them into the role of pioneers in brotherhood. We can say that these are ordinary people, nothing too unusual about them, probably much like you and your crowd. It meant, of course, a bit of gumption and daring, some sense of adventure and

inquiry, but mostly a certainty that this is the true and real way.

Third, we can say with some pride that now at last our Christian gospel is seen in a new perspective. Our churches are beginning to take hold of this issue and opening the way, even if they are not leading the way. There are organizations beyond the church which are far more advanced in this realm. We think of education, labor, and government in particular.

Finally, brotherhood must be real and not artificial. The pulpit exchange which characterizes many a "race relations Sunday," as well as the exchange of choirs, and brotherhood teams, are apt to be artificial. As we pointed out, the situations described above are real, human, and downright natural.

These are the living examples of brotherhood. You can make your contribution as an individual here and there, quietly and effectively. You might share by giving money, time, or talent, as part of a small group or of a movement, to add your weight to the realization of this ideal. On the other hand, you could be a bottleneck, an obstacle, by your attitude and your unwillingness to help when opportunity is at hand. But the trend and the tide are certain.

Questions for Discussion:

1. Contribute out of your knowledge and observations instances when ordinary persons have pioneered in making brotherhood real.

2. What are some practical first steps which you and your group might make to move ahead in this field?

Bible Study for the week beginning February 26, 1956

BROTHERHOOD HERE AND NOW

Henry Tani

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Matthew 25:31-46

Purpose of this lesson:

1. To recognize the presence or absence of the sense of brotherhood within this particular unit.
2. To consider possible ways to improve the situation.

■ EACH PERSON in your unit is a unique individual, bringing a whole life of experiences and background with him. Consider yourself. The obvious fact of your racial and national heritage of parental stock, resulting in the many complexities of physical size and structure will be evident.

There is your cultural and social training. In foods and clothes, language and customs, traditions and ceremonies you reveal your dependence on your parents and your community. Your religious training, the concepts of right and wrong, attitudes toward work and property, the kind of punishment you received add up to the unique personality you have.

Whether your folks lived comfortably or had a tough time economically, whether you had a good education or a poor one, whether you traveled widely or were confined to your home neighborhood, and

whether you were city-bred or farm-raised—all these have made a difference in your personality.

Then you must consider how you are influenced in your actions by your views on politics, on war and peace, on race relations, on parent-child relationships, on public or parochial school, and many other subjects. You can also be classed as a conservative, the kind that insists on looking back and wanting to retain the status quo, or as a liberal, the kind that looks ahead and welcomes changes. Again, we could pigeon-hole you psychologically, and consider you an introvert, one who withdraws from people, or an extrovert, one who is outgoing and mixes easily.

All of these and other factors make up you, the person. You are unique, there is no other person quite like you. So if there are ten, a hundred, or a thousand others in your military unit, what can bring all of you together? You must live and work with each other for a fairly long period of time, in close quarters, under difficult circumstances.

There are two ways for you, or your group, to approach the situation. One is the easy way out: to "live and let live." This means that

you will drift along, minding your own business, and ignoring the general welfare of the people about you. In this attitude you would resent anyone, or any group, pushing you into any situation.

Frankly, this is how most of us live, in and out of the service. Oh yes, there are social welfare agencies and governmental departments who look after the troubled and the troublemakers. But we view these as exceptions.

Honestly though, as you look about you and take a social temperature of the situation, what kind of report would you make about the presence or absence of brotherhood? Here and now, in your military unit, is a cluster of people as different and unique as you can imagine. You are all huddled in a mass where life can be miserable or pleasant, depending upon you and your group.

Is there tension in the place? Can you think of some who are terribly uncomfortable? Would you say that every person "belongs" to the social grouping of the unit? Is every fellow accepted for what he is? How does a person get excluded or ignored? Does your service unit enjoy a good social climate?

The way of approaching our togetherness is first to be concerned and aware of the social climate, and then to do something about it. Being a Christian and living amid Christian folks may give us the necessary push. Since we cannot live alone, let's make this living together as fruitful as we can.

Suppose you want to create an atmosphere of friendliness, how

would you proceed? You note immediately that the people around you have formed clusters around certain interests or hobbies. Perhaps you find racial, religious, and even state or sectional groupings. You also find several individuals on the fringe, looking in from the outside. This is a challenge for you to take the first adventurous step.

Of course, you need not do this alone. Your United Fellowship, or the crowd at the chapel may join you in your campaign. The group has more opportunities in social activities than the individual. But a social group may also be more choosy, and in fact more undemocratic, than an individual.

The major problem of your efforts may be to change attitudes and educate prejudices. How does one proceed to change and to educate? There are many levels at which tension exists, and true brotherhood needs to step in. Can you think of intolerant persons within the barracks who are waging a cold war on tolerance? How about one unit against another? Has what we politely label competition generated enough dynamite to set off a big explosion someday? Can we solve the awkward situations that arise between the officers and the enlisted men? Are we to pass this off as a necessary evil and let it go at that?

Perhaps the real tension is between the military personnel and the townsfolk of the nearby community. After all, youth will be youth, and the town is the nearest place to have any release from the regimentation of military life. Tackle the problem of com-

munity relations and see what your group of Christian youth can do.

After all is said and done, our Christian gospel puts each of us in the uncomfortable position of making a choice, of accepting or rejecting a challenge. The scripture lesson today points up the clear judgment which is put upon us all the time. Our attitudes and practices become so much a part of us that we seldom realize how we make decisions. That is why a strong and firm commitment to God, as Creator and Sustainer, as Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, working through the Holy Spirit in us, becomes our first necessity in being followers of Christ's way. Such

a commitment needs growth. We must strengthen, with each experience, our sensitivity and response to the needs of our fellow man.

Questions for Discussion:

1. List some personal projects which each member of your fellowship may be able to do in the week ahead to improve the relationship among people in the service unit.

2. Consider some major strategy which the group may undertake in the weeks ahead to bring brotherhood to bear. Secure the active participation of each member, and check on progress and success in the weeks ahead.

AUSTRALIA entertains the 1956 Olympics

. . . Continued from page 4

The International Olympic Committee awards the sites for the Games and is the final judge of all questions concerning the rules and regulations bearing on the Games. IOC members are above politics or group interest. They are elected after careful examination of their backgrounds, and act as delegates to the athletic organizations of their own countries, to establish close liaison between them and the International Olympic Committee.

Although representing his own country at committee meetings, the IOC member does not take orders on how to vote from either his national government or national sporting associations. Headquarters of the International Olympic Committee is at Mon Repos, Lausanne, Switzerland.

An American, Avery Brundage, presently is serving an eight-year term as president.

Before the Games begin amateur athletes from any of the eighty-three nations can enter the lists. Thus, after His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh opens the 1956 Olympics, men and women of many different nations, different religions, races, and political ideologies will strive to perform "Swifter, Higher and Stronger" than each other—without discrimination or prejudice—in the highest sense of sporting competition.

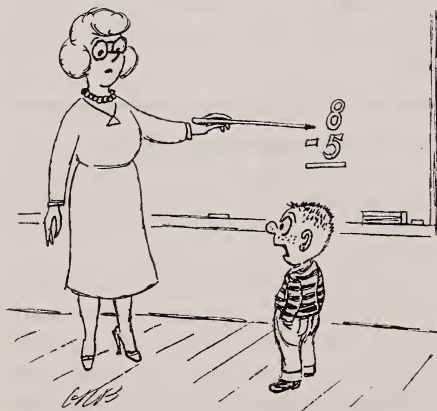
As Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympiad, said, "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win, but to take part. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."



Employer (to job applicant): "For a man who has no experience you certainly ask a high salary."

Applicant: "Well, the work is much harder when you don't know anything about it."

—Builders



"When someone gives me eight apples, no wise guy is gonna take any away."

A British officer was arguing with an American officer as to which Army had the better discipline. As the American was talking, one of his men came in: "Cap," said the private, "can I have your jeep tonight? I've got to take out my girl."

"Sure," replied the officer. Then, turning to the Briton, he said: "There's a proof of our discipline. He needn't have asked me!"

"Since I met you, I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink."

"Why not?"

"I'm broke."

—Master Barber

A man applied at a recruiting office to enlist. The officer in charge asked him, "I suppose you want a commission?"

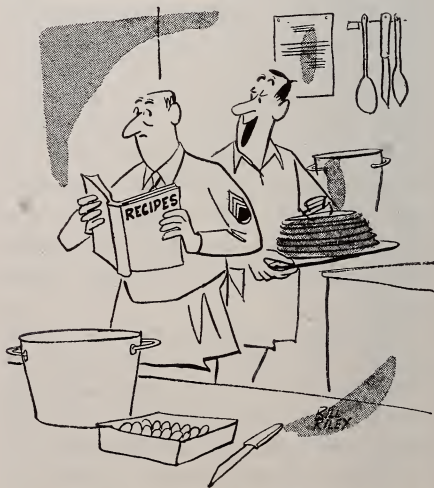
"No, thanks," said the recruit. "I'm a poor shot. I'd rather work on straight salary."

—Christian Union Herald

A recalled reservist, his wife and three children were living in a hotel near the military base. A guest noticed the soldier's little daughter "playing house" in the lobby. "Isn't it too bad," she said solicitously, "that you don't have a home?"

"Oh, we have a home," the child answered; "we just don't have a house to put it in."

—The Watchman-Examiner



"Oops—don't fool with that one, Sarge. That's the one that caused me to be reduced from mess sergeant to permanent K.P.!"

Two Travelers

A traveler nearing a great city asked a man seated by the wayside, "What are the people like in the city?"

"How were the people where you came from?"

"A terrible lot," the traveler responded. "Mean, untrustworthy, detestable in all respects."

"Ah," said the sage, "you will find them the same in the city ahead."

Scarcely was the first traveler gone when another one stopped and also inquired about the people in the city before him. Again the old man asked about the people in the place the traveler had left.

"They were fine people, honest, industrious, and generous to a fault. I was sorry to leave," declared the second traveler.

Responded the venerable one: "So you will find them in the city ahead."

—*Horizons*



